

## **Thyestean Feast**

### **"Prophecy Of The Last Days"**

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Come to domes of remorse  
Summoned be the first of my four beasts  
Rip bare the omens of cross  
Inhale the words, trueborn disease

Beheld,  
White horse of savior.  
Above every god  
Dark prince

Diverse from all humanflesh fooled  
Spread wings like horns, angelchrist  
Eyes for lies in mouths of truth  
From horns shall ten kings rise

Come to domes of remorse  
Summoned be the second of my four beasts  
Rip bare the omens of cross  
Inhale the words, trueborn disease

Hear rapture of lies, lies of god

Breed the lies!

Adulation of trickery, desecration of prophecy  
Come to domes of remorse  
Summoned be the third of my four beasts  
Rip bare the omens of cross  
Inhale the words, trueborn disease

Before him stands two candles lit  
Served in faith, banquet of plague  
Seasons imitate march of the sick,  
Black as hate in vows to wake

Come to domes of remorse  
Summoned be the last of my four beasts  
Rip bare the omens of cross  
Inhale the words, trueborn disease

To slay with sword  
To slay with hunger

To slay with death  
And with beasts of the earth

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